

Friday, November 23, 2001

U.S Attorney Michael Sullivan
Justice Department
Boston, MA

Dear Mike:

I've been working at Haemonetics in Braintree for the past several weeks, until last Friday. Haemonetics makes blood-testing devices. They just got a big contract with the U.S. Defense Dept. On my last two days at work there, I sabotaged some of the machines and machine parts as punishment for you Americans, for leaving my little girl in a hellhole. You understand, Mike? Which means the people at Haemonetics are going to have to test every machine and machine part to which I had access. And I had access to a lot of them. By now, they may have found some of the ones I tampered with, although they probably didn't know they were sabotaged. Now they know.

Today or tomorrow, I will place a number of twenty-ounce bottles of bleach and ammonia in men's rooms somewhere in the Greater Boston area. I'll hook the bottles up to a simple time-delay mechanism. As you may know, bleach and ammonia when mixed create a poisonous gas. I'll hook the bottles up to a simple time-delay mechanism: an apple. I'll be putting an unsecured eyebolt through the bottom of the apple and I'll put another eyebolt through the middle of the apple, secured with a washer and nut. I'll have a string attached through one eyebolt, looped around the bottles of bleach and ammonia, and tied off on the other eyebolt. I'll take the caps off the bottles, and the bottles will be leaning on the string. When the apple rots, the unsecured bolt will come loose, the bottles will spill, and the bleach and the ammonia will come together, creating the deadly gas. I know someone who died from breathing this gas.

You cops were supposed to protect my daughter. Now, because the Haverhill cops, DSS and the court screwed up, you cops are going to be living in the shit for a while, and everyone in eastern Massachusetts is going to have to go to a "secure men's room" to take a leak. I don't like putting people's lives at risk, but you people thought nothing of putting my little girl's life at risk, so now you're going to pay for it.

You get my little girl out of the house where she's living, at 45 W. Meadow Rd. in Haverhill. You get her to my brother Gerry's house at 11 King's Lane in Medway. His phone number at work is 508-429-8830. Don't put my little girl in a DSS foster home. If you do, I'll immediately start killing people. You understand, Mike? Because I'm not fucking around with you people any more.

I saw my psychiatrist on Tuesday, and my social worker. Both of them can tell you I'm as sane as you are. My psychiatrist's name is Dr. Maria Menezes. My social worker is David Hurd. You can reach them at 617-774-6090.

For almost a year and a half, you've known that my daughter was being hurt and abused, not only by my ex-wife Karen, but by Karen's husband, Robert Towsley. This isn't normal abuse. It's the psychological mutilation of my daughter, during the formative years of her personality. It will destroy her, if she's not already destroyed.

The probate court in Lawrence isn't going to protect my daughter. Judge Manzi has already messed up three times.

I'm striking back at you people for all the hurt you helped cause my daughter. To me, you people are exactly what the Taliban government is to you. You are protecting the people who have been terrorizing my little girl.

I don't want to hurt anyone, Mike, but you people just don't listen to me. You think I exaggerate the hurt that is happening to my daughter, or that I'm making it up. But you're Americans. A lot of you wouldn't know child abuse if it was staring you in the face. In fact, there have been television shows, such as "Maury" and "Sally", where young people are abused right on television, where some guy dressed up as a drill instructor comes out and gets in the kids' faces and assaults and intimidates and humiliates them in front of an audience of millions, and nobody arrests the people doing the abuse, including Maury and Sally and the show's producers. Instead, you Americans call this stuff "entertainment". How can I get help for my daughter when you Americans abuse children right on television and call it entertainment? Then there was a television show, "24 Hours" or some show like that, where a mother put cameras in her home to show how her sons were acting up. Right there I knew that the mother was the problem, since there isn't a good mother on this planet who would put cameras in her home and have her kids subjected to nationwide humiliation, but no, the people who did the show just didn't get it, and it took more than a year before they caught the mother on tape abusing the kids, who were good kids. How can I get protection for my daughter in a nation so corrupt that you don't even recognize obvious child abuse? And then, when we were down in Oklahoma, Governor Keating passed into law a bill which allowed parents to whip their children (10 O.S. 7106.3). How can I get protection for my daughter from psychological abuse in a state which allows the whipping of children?

No, Mike, you Americans are corrupt. Any country which passes a law which allows parents to whip their children is a corrupt country.

I'm dealing with a nation of crazy people. You people think God is going to suddenly pop up from outer space and save the day, save all your children from getting covered with the

pustular eruptions of smallpox. It ain't going to happen, Mike. God isn't going to show up to save my little girl, either. And to a little girl, she doesn't know anything about some man up above who knows when she's been sleeping, who knows when she's awake, who knows when she's been bad or good. The all-powerful man in her life is her Daddy, and her relationship with her father sets the pattern for her relationships with men for the rest of her life, and when her Daddy doesn't protect her, there is something horribly wrong in that little girl's life, and that's especially true for my daughter, because I spent thousands of hours with her, and all of that time was quality time. I never watched baseball or football or basketball or hockey. I watched her, and played with her, and taught her things, and guided her, but most of all, I let her know in every way that I could that I loved her, and loved her unconditionally, because she needed to know that, because her mother didn't love her unconditionally. Her mother was horribly cruel to her. And I tried since my daughter was three months old to get help from the government, and time and again I was thwarted. All Karen had to say was that I had bipolar disorder, and that I was abusive to her, and that was it. I wasn't believed. I had no credibility whatsoever.

You're going to change that. You're going to have a full investigation. You're going to have it immediately. And you're going to do it not only because it's the right thing to do, but because if you don't, it's going to cost some people a lot of money. And we know that money is more important to you people than the life of a little girl, right? Don't shit me, Mike. I know what's important to you people, and it sure as hell isn't my daughter.

Now, with this letter I'm at the very least putting myself in prison for life, so I have nothing to lose by doing more destruction. But we want to avoid that, right? Because it won't look good on your resume.

I don't want to kill anyone. But look at it this way. I'm not going to write this letter and put my life on the line for any but the best of reasons. And if you don't believe me about my daughter, talk to everyone in my family. They're all credible, even if you don't think I am. Talk to my cousin Paul McDonough, who works for the U.S. Labor Dept. in Boston, in the Office of Investigations (racketeering section). I've talked to him at some length about this case, and he can give you a statement about my character and about my present state of mind, since I just talked to him yesterday. His work phone number is 617-565-9611.

And, talk to members of my family. They've given up hope that I'll ever get custody of my daughter, even though I'm in the right, but I've always said that it's not about me getting custody. It's about me getting my daughter to a healthy, loving home. As I told a number of people, if the only way for me to get my daughter to a healthy, loving home is to go to prison for life, I'm willing to do that. If the only way to get her to a healthy, loving home is to sacrifice my own life, I'm willing to do that. But I never should have been pushed into the position where I have to do that. But, that's where I am.

When I made a bomb threat back in February, I was a bit manic. When I made the threat, I asked for a million dollars and I said I wanted to go to Switzerland with my daughter. That wasn't really what I wanted, though, even then. I used that as a starting point for negotiations. I knew you wouldn't give me any money, and that you wouldn't let me leave the country. I was going to bargain down to what I really wanted, that you get my daughter to my brother Gerry's house.

That's what I'm demanding now. You get my little girl away from her mother, permanently. I know how to prepare for war against you people. That's why, in the last eight months, I dropped fifty pounds, brought my cholesterol down from 380 to 170, and started working construction, and working out. So I could kill if I had to. Don't put me in that position, Mike. I can kill a lot of people if I have to, and if that's what it takes to get investigations into my daughter's situation, that's what I'll do. I have nothing to lose now.

Remember, Karen has already killed one child. And in the first four years that I knew her, she totalled three cars. Talk to Karen, and if you put even just a little pressure on her, she'll come undone, because she lied about me, over and over, and painted me to be a wife-beater, when just the opposite is true. I tried to get Karen help ever since I first knew her, because she had a horrible childhood. And because I was a nice guy, I got burned. I'm not going to get into all the details. Those are already on record, in the office of Lucille Leonard, my daughter's guardian ad litem.

Here are the names of some women I know, or who I dated, all of whom are daughters of police officers: Karen White Patten, whose father I believe was a state police officer. I dated Karen a few times back when I when I was in my 20's, and I've known her family for more than twenty-five years. Karen is a registered nurse. Her sister, Carolyn White, is a state police officer. A third sister, Diane White, is a lawyer and a professor at Simmons College. I talked to Diane about this case back in January, so she has information relating to me and this case. Diane lives at Carey Circle in Stoughton. Then, Susan Murphy, who is married to one of my closest friends, and who I've known for more than 25 years. Sue's father was a Boston Police Officer. Her phone number is 305-872-1290. I dated several of her girlfriends.

You call these women and ask them whether I ever hit them, or hit any woman they know, or threatened to hit them, or threatened to hit any woman they know, or whether I ever tried to intimidate them, or intimidate any woman they know. You'll notice that all these women are successful. That's probably in part because they had fathers who protected them, just like I'm trying to protect my daughter.

You might also contact Judge Francis Crimmins of Stoughton District Court. I used to work for his father, and Judge Crimmins and I used to play tennis on occasion. He knows I'm not the type of person who would beat up a woman. But Karen's lies in that regard may get people killed. You also have my permission to talk to my attorney, David Weatherford, of Tulsa, OK. He was present at a mediation hearing when Karen said that I had never abused my daughter, and Karen told the people at DSS that I never hurt my daughter, and that she believes I never would hurt my daughter. Karen's quote is right in DSS records. Karen said this, even though I have been saying just the opposite about her since Shaina was three months old.

By ripping me out of my daughter's life, you people committed about the worst sin you could have committed against my daughter, and you hurt her immeasurably. While working, I can get my mind off my daughter to some extent, and all the pain you people have caused her, but while I'm in hiding, I'll be thinking of all the ways her mother hurt her, and all the ways that punk Robert Towsley hurt her, and all the ways the biased justice system hurt her, and all the injustices that kept piling up, and the rage of five years that I've been holding in will surge to the surface, as it often does, and I'll contain it, as I've done up until now, but don't push me any more.

You might tell Karen that I have her on tape admitting to stabbing me with a pair of scissors. That's assault and battery with a deadly weapon. It happened in the summer of 1993, when we were living in Malden. There's a six year statute of limitations on the crime, but as I understand it the statute stops running if the offender leaves the state, and Karen and I left the state for Oklahoma for two years and eight months. So there's still time to prosecute under the statute. (In Oklahoma, it's legal for one of the parties to a telephone conversation to tape-record it.) You can find the audiotape at my home. I can't find it myself right now, but it's here somewhere. I just don't have the time to find it, so you find it. They pay you big money, right?

It drives me nuts thinking about my daughter every day, and how she is being hurt, and how I broke my promise to her that I would protect her. I suggest you get together with the people in my family. One, Tony Antonellis, who is married to my sister Ann, was a social worker for the Commonwealth when he signed his affidavit last year, and he used to work for DSS, and he and everyone else in my family saw my daughter far more than the people at DSS did, and Tony's recommendation in his affidavit said that my daughter should be taken out of Karen's home, because Tony saw the pain Shaina was experiencing, and so did everyone else. Talk to my sister Ann, a registered nurse, my sister Patti, a teacher, and my brother John, who is a civil engineer. Talk especially to Christine and my brother Gerry. Gerry is a CPA. Christine is a stay-at-home mom. They spent time with my daughter, and my daughter talked to them a lot. And talk to my mother, and to my brother Paul, who used to work with my ex-wife Karen, and his wife Mary, a CPA. They all know Karen is messed up. You get these people together and talk

to them and get to the truth. And, talk to Karen. Karen has never testified in any court about custody. If she had, she would have become undone, because Karen is enormously fragile, and she can't keep her lies straight, and if she gets pushed even a little she's likely to fall apart and come at you like a viper. I tried to help Karen for seven years, and she turned around and made me out to be a wife-beater, which was a vicious act of treachery, and now, because of Karen's treachery, people's lives are at stake, including my daughter's, because if Karen starts falling apart, she's likely to put my daughter in jeopardy.

You people left my daughter in a goddamn prison camp, where she gets grilled and drilled and brainwashed and terrorized by a mother who's as twisted as a hangman's noose. And for any of you law enforcement officials who take issue with my comparison of my daughter's situation to life in a prison camp, you don't know what you're talking about. At least in a prison camp, you have your brother soldiers to help keep up your morale. My daughter has no one. And I want you to impound the records of Lucille Leonard, and have a team of the very best child psychologists and psychiatrists examine the evidence.

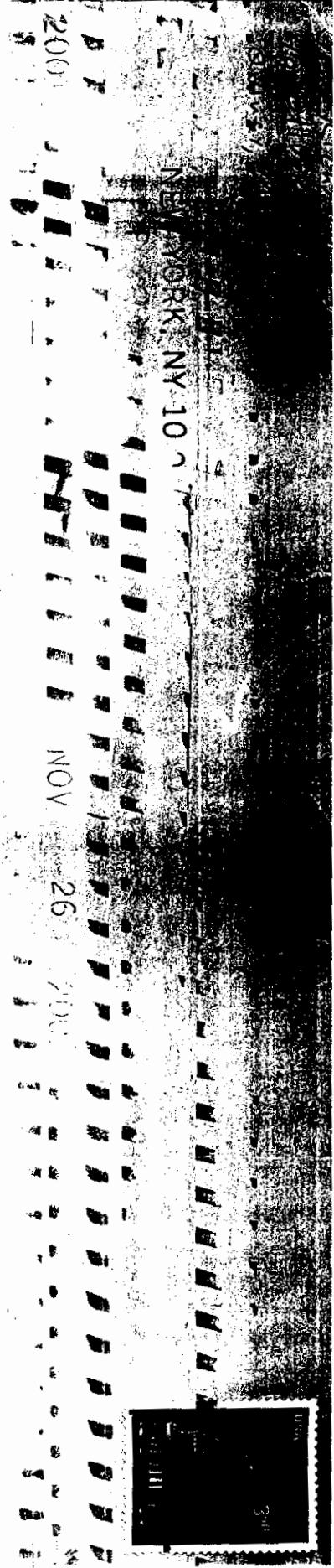
I'm done trying to explain things. And I'm done with a justice system which is hugely influenced by mentally traumatized women. It's horrible when a women is traumatized, but it's no solution to put traumatized or twisted women in positions of responsibility or great influence in a justice system which is supposed to be fair, because many of those women will inevitably take out some of their rage on men, and in the process some good men will get hurt, and some children will get hurt. But you politicians, you don't care too much about that. You care about votes, and if that means some children get sacrificed on the altar of the women's movement, that's a price you're willing to pay.

Not my little girl. Or if she is going to be sacrificed, others are going to be sacrificed with her. With respect to my daughter, you people have treated me like you used to treat slaves. You think you can rip my daughter out of my life, and rip me out of her life, and it's no big deal. It's a huge deal, Mike, and I'm no longer putting up with your American bullshit. You get my little girl to my brother Gerry's house. Don't put her in a stinking DSS foster home. You don't want a massacre with your name all over it. You got that, buddy?

You can't beat me on this, Mike, because I'm in the right. The only way for you to win is to do the right thing by my daughter. America is supposed to be about doing the right thing. Too often, that just isn't the case. You do the right thing by my daughter, and by me, or you lose. And you don't want to lose in front of the whole world. Mohammed would never let his little girl Fatima be whacked around by some punk, and be emotionally butchered by a mentally disturbed woman. Which means I have more than a billion Muslims on my side, even if you Americans aren't. And if you Americans aren't, you're the evil ones, and when I'm through with you, every Muslim on this planet is

going to know that you Americans did wrong to a little girl, and every good Christian and Jew and every good person everywhere will know that, too.

My father didn't fight for this country just so one of his grandchildren could be mangled by a emotionally traumatized woman and a punk who likes to beat up a little girl. You get my little girl out of that house. Oh, and don't bother my parents. My father just got out of the hospital, and my mother is a bit worn out. I'm not going to be home, so if you need to send someone, send a single person, not an army. And don't fault Jen and Crystal at Manpower. They're both good women, and if they didn't do a criminal background check on me, that's because their superiors didn't order one as company policy, so blame their superiors, not them. No one had reason to believe I might do something based on my behavior. That's because I'm as sane as you are. Probably saner.



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